

five poems by w v sutra

apotheosou

friko the seeker on his morning walk
eyes like rat holes in a backyard shed
gums swole and bleeding hypertensive
today the day the chemicals call him home
but he is in his ecstasy seeing the matrices
in the power lines that drape the poles
the cords of energy ignored by all
stumbling on his broken shoes
spitting gouts of blood
on the sweltering pavement
as the cherubim hover low
called for duty in the city

friko at peace with his dying body
his worn and crusted clothes all draggled low
a thousand blows have beaten out his fear
he misses no one and is never missed
every waking moment now a prayer
passing through and hiding in his own display
hiding all in all the great sequester
crowns of fire on every traffic signal
he knows they are there for him in the
crystalline vibe of seraphim wings
the prism of beams decompensate

as many people on the street as ever
saw jesus on his last walk
but none sees friko now grown so boring
no kindly woman wipes his bloated face
the broken nose the shattered lips
a tale so real so easily forgotten
known for a while as red shift
in spite of bad results friko
took his lumps felt sad and lost
and now he sees the rays of angelic light
the brightly colored hazy fumes

he hopes some kindly soul
will expose his naked corpse
to the hungry birds the kites and
condors the crows and turkey buzzards
his liquid essence oozing into soil
for the sparrows to peck with no waste
let the ants carry off his microgobbets
no vengeance in their hearts
no thought of prey or grievance
as they go as they go

and where is friko lying now
friko is not here
where is friko in his spirit
watch him turn to air

singer and boheme

singer and boheme were schoolboys
who took their chances quickly
underneath the poison trees
by choosing not to care
trending sentimental
in the quiet that they found

the slopes were deeply terraced and
the undergrowth was thick
they knew the trails and where
to place each rapid questing foot
and in those oleander groves
they did just as they pleased

yes singer was a buddy
but they had to it keep low
to not be overheard
in covert by the
passing students and
the gardeners who could stalk
so they took care

they never kissed
singer thought it wrong
and when boheme gave business looked away
better in most things but not in one
you have to breathe
my little singer

in spring they chewed
on sour grass
with yellow flowers
took their cigarettes and wine
and felt thick heat
in compost haze
promiscuous shit
with scented blossoms
bitter ash

leaving beyrouth in ought seven
as june made them refugees
boheme to athens singer to rome
gone for good with no farewells

come back my singer
on quiet feet
live on in the gift of silence
an image on some godless server

mysterians

torches held high the faithful gather
initiates all adepts of the mysteries
keeping faith with faces daubed red
with blood memory smeared with ash
betokening the pyre of the ancient hero
borne up by love for the exalted ones
the shining gods in their famous hall

the soul remembers all but the scribes
insist on parchment wagers for certainly
the story most agreed upon becomes
a truth a fact in time and those made worthy
walk the blessed plain inviting worship
unfolding games in time of sacred truce
in honor of the superman

the faithful have great need have nothing
of their own to value kept low by poverty of spirit
and the indifference of their gods
the temple counts the heads and keeps the money
garlands the responsibility of the laity
festive garb the law on pain of sacrilege
temple coins the only tender passing current

until the sexual rite the holy prostitution
is enacted without fail by chosen women
the ceremony cannot proceed the celebrants
in their garb the clothes of knowledge the priests
the chosen ones await the completed auspices
in their brilliant stoles

the sporting gods who own and lord it over all
content themselves with power and none escapes their gaze
blissful fancy drives them all and yields desire
for the mortals they choose to love and get with demigods
mnemosyne keeps the tally of their deeds and gettings
forgetting nothing mother of all memories all songs
all muses she brings the great hymn forth from mind to mouth
and the feet of the mysterians tread the secret way once more

moaning

she goes back to the old school
but no she is sad having made
a little money with such trouble
never an even exchange
her magical display not real but
endlessly recurring in her
conditions and elements
out of breath and easily tired
always in a bit of a mess
lost her husband in a closet
glory days long gone alas
working the veins and the lanes
with sisters like chloe and others
in the endless struggle to amortize
that which fades evanescent
one hears her cyber voiceprint
now and again

my last foster home

my foster life had not been up to much
never catching on in any home
knowing it was all the same to me
the state would see me through till i was weird

but then the strangest family took me in
hard it was to say who fostered whom
we gathered every night around the table
to eat our meal and so invite the muse

house father and house mother beat the metre
in emulation of the ancient homer
and we the fostered took it in our turn
rising to declaim our chosen poem

by rule there was no paper text nor page
defy the lines to lurk house dad would say
you can find them tempting in your nutbrain
verses crave the utterance you can bring

and so we spent the passing days in study
getting poems by heart for competition
we quietly withdrew from public schooling
and lived in peace with guardians of song

our memories grew supple as we prospered
one foster sister got the wasteland down
i favored as a group the mad romantics
my lopside growing ever more pronounced

one night a little girl stood at the table
and rendered old john milton for an hour
it took a lot of cake to change her channel
and lucifer fell through my dreams til morning

whoso seeks to con the world entire
would profit by a well scanned poem or two
the night i gave the table my don juan
my loving family wept for my departure

farewell to all i said i love you dearly
and know we hold each other in our hearts
so put your faith in exercise of memory
and let your recitation be a blessing

if you pulled up in all real life before me
and asked me just how many poems i knew
a quick and dusty answer would i venture
and send you searching on the streets of twitter